

THIS PAGE MADE FOR AND BY T. D. C. C. MEMBERS.

NEW IDEAS FOR OUR CLUB MEMBERS

Dear Children of the Club:
The editor is always glad of a suggestion from our club members with a measure to the one contained this week in Louise Kennedy's letter. By all means have the "query and answer" column.

Send in a column of queries at once and the member who succeeds in giving the best answers to these queries will receive a special prize. Let us try to make the query and answer column a new and attractive feature of the children's page.

Let it be understood, however, that it is to be made up of queries and answers only, not puzzles and their solutions, for the editor does not desire, in adopting Miss Kennedy's idea, to confuse it with the puzzle department which is already established, and fulfilling its purpose in a fine manner.

Queries may be written on all subjects where information may be desired, and where a mutual interchange of ideas may be of profit and advantage to members and readers. No one person may propose a query and then write out the answer. Questions must be proposed on the one hand and answered on the other. Any member sending in a query must also send an answer written on a separate slip of paper.

Next Sunday the first chapter of a story, condensed from George Eliot's "Silas Marner" will appear on the children's page in the editorial column. Twelve critical questions, duly numbered, will follow the story and the child who sends in the best answer to these questions will receive a prize. This feature is introduced on the page to give to the benefit of children who do not draw or paint, and who often do not have time for writing stories or letters.

A space in the children's page will hereafter be given up to what is now called Nature Study. Contributions collected from all members about autumn flowers, their coloring, their beauty and their manner of growth. Pictures illustrative of such articles will be considered very timely, both photographs and pen-and-ink drawings. Short sketches of nature scenes, garden, or out-of-door gardening done by country girls and boys; stories of bird hunting, possum hunting, and coon hunting; stories of apple harvesting and corn shucking; the editor will be glad to have them and all and as many drawings with them as may be sent.

Don't forget that September 24th was Michaelmas day, or the feast of Saint Michael. If you look into Virginia colonial history you will find that it was a very important date with the early settlers of this State, for rents were collected and the year's accounts were usually settled by the Virginia planters then. In Europe, on the Continent, the practice still holds good and the festival seems to stand opposite Easter in the annual balance of business.

Now look into this matter a little and see what you can write about it that will benefit yourself and others. You all know, moreover, that Halloween falls on October 31st, for boys and girls love apples and nuts, and all the good old games which Halloween inaugurates. So the child, who sends in the best Halloween story with pictures, or without them, will receive a prize. The contestants for this prize must have their contributions in by October 24th.

A VISIT TO THE BELT LINE

Last Sunday some friends and I started for a walk to the Belt Line.

We took the route through the reservoir and the city nurseries. What a variety of trees they had! I thought I did not see the city plant more shade trees along the streets?

Leaving the nurseries, we went through a cornfield, down to a road and out to the path that leads to the Belt Line. While we were standing there looking at the water, the train came across the bridge. Some men were coming across, too, and we were so afraid they would be thrown off. After staying there a little while we started homeward.

On our way back we stopped at the reservoir and watched the boats on the lake, and the people wandering here and there enjoying themselves.

We reached home about sunset very tired, but much pleased with what we saw in our ramble.

By CARRIE A. LEIBIGER,
202 Reservoir Street, city.

THE AZTECS

The strange people called Aztecs lived in Mexico before the country was conquered by Cortes. They were Indians, but not savage like the Indians of farther north, for they were half civilized. When the time came to choose a ruler they elected a male member of the dead king's family, but before he could be crowned he had to have war with other tribes, so that he might have enough captives for the terrible human sacrifices. These sacrifices were a part of their religion. With a blood of some of the prisoners and tear out the hearts, then roast the bodies and eat the flesh at a great feast.

The temples were built like a pyramid and the procession would wind around it to the top, where the altar was and where the human sacrifices were offered. Around these temples large towers were built, and fires were kept burning on top of them all the time in honor of their different gods. The Aztecs believed in the true God, but thought there was also a god for the air, a god for the water and a god for everything.

When they went to war they would dress in curious clothes. Their coats were made of soft cloth, but they also wore the weapons of the enemy, and their heads were covered with gold and silver helmets, decorated with beautiful feathers, and they would go out to fight in



AT SCHOOL.
By Josephine Clarke.

MY SUMMER PLEASURES.

Our school closed the 23d day of June. I went to the country two times a week and sometimes three times. I went fishing several times and went to several picnics. I went in bathing three or four times. I went on St. Patrick's picnic to Providence Forge and to another one at Oak Grove Park. I went to Baltimore. I left there the 15th of August, and arrived here the next morning at 8:30. I had a fine time while I was there, seeing all the sights I could see. I did not stay there but nine days, and came back home, and it was almost time to go to school.

FRED P. FLETCHER, JR.,
No. 243 North Twenty-second Street, city.

Miss Hilda.

Written and Illustrated by Louise Kennedy.



"SAPRINA IS NOW A GROWN GIRL."

"Mither, Miss Hilda is a-comin' up the path," cried an Irish boy to his ma, as the garden gate clicked behind the good Miss Hilda.

"Well, will the Lord be praised," cried the mother, as the deaf lady tapped on the door. "Well, Miss Hilda, how do you do?" she said, opening the door and extending her rough, work-worn hand.

"Do what?" asked the old lady, putting her left hand behind her ear and shaking hands with her right.

"I said, 'How are you to-day?' Quite well?" shouted Mrs. Morey.

"Oh, yes, yes, Mrs. Morey; and are you well?"

"Oh, yes; I'm well, Miss Hilda, but the doctor says my Johnny is struck down with the crimson fever, oh, er, or, some kind of a red fever," said Mrs. Morey.

"Now, Mrs. Morey, he has scarlet fever, the very same thing that killed Mrs. Willy's husband," said Miss Hilda, going over to the bed where Johnny lay moaning.

"My land!" exclaimed Mrs. Morey, turning pale; then she burst into tears.

"Oh, oh, Miss Hilda, if Johnny should die, oh, miss, Hilda, he must get well; he must, must, must."

Mrs. Morey only wiped the tears away while Miss Hilda took her knitting and at down by the sick bed, telling Mrs. Morey to go to some chores, she knew she must be busy.

So Mrs. Morey hurried away to work, while Miss Hilda nursed sick Johnny. And not only did she nurse him one day, but for weeks, until he was the same old Johnny Morey.

Then Miss Hilda went back to her little cottage on the hill, and with her parrot and her cat, lived a silent life. She was the very soul of neatness and did all her own work. She would mow the grass, pull up the weeds, cut down the briars, and hoe in the garden.

The little lawn in front of the cottage was her pride. It was like a smooth, velvet carpet, with a dainty little walk going down to the front gate. The little garden with its pretty arched flowers and vegetables was a charming place, so was inside of the cottage. The very walk, pictures and floors, sang Miss Hilda's praise.

The little Moreys were constant visitors to Miss Hilda's cot. That was years ago. Now a visitor passing the charming place would see an old, old lady, nearly at her century mark, sitting in a wheeling chair on the cottage porch. Miss Saprina Morey, now a strong grown girl, does all Miss Hilda's work. She takes the long handled sickle and cuts down the briars, weeds and grass like Miss Hilda used to do.

The Puzzle Department

Decapitations.

EXAMPLE.
("Do you hear?" I shouted into her ear.)

1. Mary's — dress was stained with —
2. He — us a tale of a strange —
3. Lucy closed the — before she — her breakfast.
4. Taking the —, she looked — at me.
5. I sat on a low —, while Mary fixed my —
6. As soon as I — it, he came to my —

Jumbled Jewels.

1. Larp.
2. Landemer.
3. Sutmolek.
4. Patzo.

Fill Each Blank With a Fruit.

1. Ida is the — of his eye.
2. Her cheeks were the color of a —.
3. He took a knife to pare his —.
4. The — for the picnic was soon fixed.

By ELEANOR C. SCOTT,
Box 127, New River, Va.

Conundrums.

If you suddenly saw a house on fire what three authors would you name? Who was the greatest orator spoken of in the Bible? What three P's rule the world? When is a turkey like a ghost? What is that which is twice in every moment and not once in seven years? Where in trouble can you always find sympathy? Why are sheep the least moral of animals?

By ELEANOR C. SCOTT,
Box 127, New River, Va.



KING OF THE HERD.
By R. W. Allen, Jr.

MAMIE H. AVERETT,
Averett, Mecklenburg Co., Va.

Letters From The Children

My Dear Editor—As I haven't written anything for the T. D. C. C. for a long time, I have decided to write a letter and tell the members how I am enjoying myself this summer. It will soon be time to start to school. I wonder how many of us are glad! I have enjoyed the summer very much. We have had a quantity of fruit. Some of the trees are so full of fruit that they are breaking down. I am a member of the Baptist Sunday-school, and haven't missed but one Sunday this year. We have preaching every second Sunday. Miss Louise Kennedy, I read your story about "Jacqueline on the Runaway," and am very anxious to read the rest of it. My school teacher's name last season was Louisa. I am twelve years old. Hoping to see this in print, I remain,
Your member,
MAMIE H. AVERETT,
Averett, Va.

September 24, 1934.

Dear Editor—I reckon you have taken my name off the roll, it has been so long since I wrote. I was going to move from my country home, where mamma, father and grandmother, to Wakefield, Va. I have now moved and thought I would write. Wakefield is not a very large place. I guess it has about two hundred inhabitants. We live near three churches, the Methodist, Baptist and the Episcopal. I have about six chickens, and one hotel. We have no chickens here. I had three little bantams, but I left them at my grandfather's.

Wishing the club much success, I remain,
Your little member,
E. RAY BRITTE,
Wakefield, Va.

September 24, 1934.

Dear Editor—I can only express my gratitude to you for the beautiful bird paint book by better work in the future. It was a great surprise to me. I am going to try again this week. The little drawing of morning glories I also contribute this week.

I am going to Savannah, Ga., next week, and have my picture taken and send you one as you asked me. With best wishes,
Your little friend,
HELEN S. BROWN,
Hilton Head, S. C.

P. S.—I will be nine years old on the 10th of October.

Dear Editor—I think you have forgotten me, for you never let me see the badge, enrolling me as a member of the T. D. C. C. but I have belonged to it for over a year.

I will send you a picture of a lion.
Your member,
ELLEN KOWNSLAR MOORE,
Gordonsville, Va.

September 23, 1934.

Dear Editor—I have been reading your paper for several years and have been very much interested in the children's page. I am a little over ten years old. I have been an invalid for nearly three months. I was in the hospital six weeks. I have been home for a month and am nearly well now. I hope to be able to start to school in a few days. I got the medal in my room last week. She spoke in her letter of visiting Bowling Green. I used to live six miles from there. I would like to join the T. D. C. C., and would you please send me a badge? I can't draw, but I will try and paint a picture some time and send it to you. If this is published I will write you again.

Your little friend,
ELLEN KOWNSLAR MOORE,
Gordonsville, Va.

September 23, 1934.

Dear Editor—I received your letter today, and was glad to hear from you. I will send you a composition, "How I Spent the Pleasures of the Summer." I will close wishing the T. D. C. C. great success. I remain,
Your truly,
FRED P. FLETCHER, JR.,
No. 618 N. 2nd St., City.

Dear Mr. Editor—I am so much pleased with the badge that I will send you one. I have been taking much interest in the T. D. C. C. page in the Times-Dispatch, and especially in the puzzle department.

Your friend,
DOROTHY P. HARRISON,
No. 322 Washington Street,
Petersburg, Va.

Editor Times-Dispatch:
You will please publish this for me. This is my first trial. Will do better next time.
Yours truly,
G. K. HUDSON,
Cruckett Street, Va.

September 23, 1934.

Dear Editor—This is called "Miss Hilda is now a grown girl." I took much pains with the picture, so please publish it, if you can. I have been reading your paper for a long time. I have a great deal of talent. I hope the club is improving every Sunday.

I would like to make a suggestion. Can't we have a little "Query and Answer" column? I think it would be fine for one member to ask a question and have another member answer it. Our member and friend of the T. D. C. C., LOUISE KENNEDY, City.

September 30, 1934.

Dear Mr. Editor—I received the pretty paint book and the badge, and I think you did so much. We have a new baby at home, and have named him Landon. Our father's name is Landon. I am going to school this winter at my grandfather's, at Oakland.

Your friend,
JANIE MAY,
Louis, Va.

Dear Editor—I guess you thought I had forgotten all about the T. D. C. C., but I haven't. I have been getting lonely from the seashore, where I had a lovely time. I stayed there five weeks and I went in bathing quite a lot. I am getting quite a lot of letters down here. We

are getting up here now. We

are getting up here now. We

are getting up here now. We

are getting up here now. We

are getting up here now. We

are getting up here now. We

are getting up here now. We

are getting up here now. We

are getting up here now. We

Letters From The Children

My Dear Editor—As I haven't written anything for the T. D. C. C. for a long time, I have decided to write a letter and tell the members how I am enjoying myself this summer. It will soon be time to start to school. I wonder how many of us are glad! I have enjoyed the summer very much. We have had a quantity of fruit. Some of the trees are so full of fruit that they are breaking down. I am a member of the Baptist Sunday-school, and haven't missed but one Sunday this year. We have preaching every second Sunday. Miss Louise Kennedy, I read your story about "Jacqueline on the Runaway," and am very anxious to read the rest of it. My school teacher's name last season was Louisa. I am twelve years old. Hoping to see this in print, I remain,
Your member,
MAMIE H. AVERETT,
Averett, Va.

September 24, 1934.

Dear Editor—I reckon you have taken my name off the roll, it has been so long since I wrote. I was going to move from my country home, where mamma, father and grandmother, to Wakefield, Va. I have now moved and thought I would write. Wakefield is not a very large place. I guess it has about two hundred inhabitants. We live near three churches, the Methodist, Baptist and the Episcopal. I have about six chickens, and one hotel. We have no chickens here. I had three little bantams, but I left them at my grandfather's.

Wishing the club much success, I remain,
Your little member,
E. RAY BRITTE,
Wakefield, Va.

September 24, 1934.

Dear Editor—I can only express my gratitude to you for the beautiful bird paint book by better work in the future. It was a great surprise to me. I am going to try again this week. The little drawing of morning glories I also contribute this week.

I am going to Savannah, Ga., next week, and have my picture taken and send you one as you asked me. With best wishes,
Your little friend,
HELEN S. BROWN,
Hilton Head, S. C.

P. S.—I will be nine years old on the 10th of October.

Dear Editor—I think you have forgotten me, for you never let me see the badge, enrolling me as a member of the T. D. C. C. but I have belonged to it for over a year.

I will send you a picture of a lion.
Your member,
ELLEN KOWNSLAR MOORE,
Gordonsville, Va.

September 23, 1934.

Dear Editor—I have been reading your paper for several years and have been very much interested in the children's page. I am a little over ten years old. I have been an invalid for nearly three months. I was in the hospital six weeks. I have been home for a month and am nearly well now. I hope to be able to start to school in a few days. I got the medal in my room last week. She spoke in her letter of visiting Bowling Green. I used to live six miles from there. I would like to join the T. D. C. C., and would you please send me a badge? I can't draw, but I will try and paint a picture some time and send it to you. If this is published I will write you again.

Your little friend,
ELLEN KOWNSLAR MOORE,
Gordonsville, Va.

September 23, 1934.

Dear Editor—I received your letter today, and was glad to hear from you. I will send you a composition, "How I Spent the Pleasures of the Summer." I will close wishing the T. D. C. C. great success. I remain,
Your truly,
FRED P. FLETCHER, JR.,
No. 618 N. 2nd St., City.

Dear Mr. Editor—I am so much pleased with the badge that I will send you one. I have been taking much interest in the T. D. C. C. page in the Times-Dispatch, and especially in the puzzle department.

Your friend,
DOROTHY P. HARRISON,
No. 322 Washington Street,
Petersburg, Va.

Editor Times-Dispatch:
You will please publish this for me. This is my first trial. Will do better next time.
Yours truly,
G. K. HUDSON,
Cruckett Street, Va.

September 23, 1934.

Dear Editor—This is called "Miss Hilda is now a grown girl." I took much pains with the picture, so please publish it, if you can. I have been reading your paper for a long time. I have a great deal of talent. I hope the club is improving every Sunday.

I would like to make a suggestion. Can't we have a little "Query and Answer" column? I think it would be fine for one member to ask a question and have another member answer it. Our member and friend of the T. D. C. C., LOUISE KENNEDY, City.

September 30, 1934.

Dear Mr. Editor—I received the pretty paint book and the badge, and I think you did so much. We have a new baby at home, and have named him Landon. Our father's name is Landon. I am going to school this winter at my grandfather's, at Oakland.

Your friend,
JANIE MAY,
Louis, Va.

Dear Editor—I guess you thought I had forgotten all about the T. D. C. C., but I haven't. I have been getting lonely from the seashore, where I had a lovely time. I stayed there five weeks and I went in bathing quite a lot. I am getting quite a lot of letters down here. We

are getting up here now. We

are getting up here now. We

are getting up here now. We

are getting up here now. We

are getting up here now. We

are getting up here now. We

are getting up here now. We

are getting up here now. We

are getting up here now. We

are getting up here now. We

are getting up here now. We



MORNING GLORIES.
By Helen S. Brown,
Hilton Head, S. C.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR LAST WEEK

PAINT BOOK CONTEST.

Raymond Morton, Chatham, Va.

OTHER WINNERS.

Eleanor C. Scott, Box 127 New River, Va.

Ellen Kownslar Moore, Gordonsville, Va.

CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

Averett, G. E. Kennedy, L. K.

Allen, Marion Long, Mae

Allen, Robt. W. Moore, E. K.

Averett, M. J. May, Janie

Briggs, Marie Martin, Jno.

Brittle, E. Ray Rhoads, K.

Brown, Helen S. Richardson, B. M.

Cowles, H. A. Sibold, Arthur

Clarke, J. H. Scott, E. C.

Coulter, D. R. Seay, Rosie A.

De Jarnette, J. Smith, E. G.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

Erlich, Henry Fletcher, F. J., Jr.

</